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VILLAGE INDIANS OF NEW MEXICO.

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

A complete history of the Village Indians of New Mexico and Arizona would possess for us a deeper interest than that of any other group of tribes among our native races. It would throw great light on the vexed problem of the origin of the red men, perhaps solve it altogether. We feel certain of this, because here, for the first time, we see evidence of a degeneracy from a former higher stage of civilization. Among them we find the most suggestive and coherent of traditions, giving glimpses, at least, into a past which is replete with fascinating interest.

We may naturally group these Indians into two divisions — the Pimas and allied tribes dwelling in the valley of the Rio Gila and southward, and the Pueblos and Moquis, at present restricted to the table lands between the Rio Colorado and Rio Grande, north of the Little Colorado.

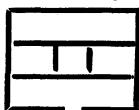
Let us first turn to the Gila River people. There are but three prominent tribes; the Pimas, Papagos and Maricopas. They are now placed on a reservation on the Gila river, but formerly occupied an extensive range north and south, now over-run by wandering bands of the great Apache nation, with which they have no affinities, regarding them only as their ancient and implacable foes.

With respect to these, I have only time to mention that they are non-nomadic, depend entirely for subsistence upon agriculture, which they pursue extensively, and reside in permanent villages of strongly-built dome-shaped huts. They were probably the first occupants of this region.

Abundant and stately ruins (the construction of which is undoubtedly to be attributed to their ancestors) scattered through that region attest that in ancient times this people possessed great skill in architecture, and had made considerable advance toward civilization. They themselves date their present decline from the destruction of their walled towns by the Spaniards, since which they confess that

they have not had the ambition to rebuild the mansions of their fore-fathers or imitate their luxury. These Gila River Indians are very properly villagers, and their customs are of extreme interest, but we are not so immediately concerned with them to-night as with the Northern tribes.

There is every reason to believe, and the ruins of the upper Gila (the construction of which is undoubtedly to be attributed to their ancestors) tend to prove, that the Pinas were the first occupants of this region. These ruins are best exemplified in a large building in the midst of a very old town, which is firmly constructed of stones set in clay, and must have been at least four stories high, for that



many are yet standing. It was square, and divided into five rooms on the ground floor, as shown in the figure. There was no entrance except by this low doorway (a),

and no intercommunication between the rooms on the ground floor, but only in the upper stories.

The pueblos, or "townspeople," who were so called in general by the Spaniards, from the word *pueblo* — a town, include all those tribes of Indians living north of the Little Colorado, who inhabit stone houses. The tribal names have been all but lost under the broader Spanish designation, and I shall make no attempt to revive any except the name *Moquis*.

In comparison with the number which formerly existed, but few pueblos are now occupied, many fruitful causes having combined to diminish this people, besides the disturbance consequent upon the Spanish invasion, chief of which is the fact that much less rain now falls than formerly did over this country, which their traditions (supported by other evidence) tell us was once arable and pleasant. Now nothing can be more desolate. There is only dry dust under your feet, glaring rocks and well-armed cacti around you, and the hottest sun in America over your head. The few rivers rise in the northern mountains, and flow for long distances through tremendous chasms, with scarcely a tributary. Springs are few and far between, and so precious that they are held sacred. It is a cañon country — by which I mean that the real and original surface is *mésa*, or table-land, whose level top is hundreds of feet above you, and you travel through great cracks in this mesa, which have been split by convulsions, or ploughed out by water, or both. Sometimes these cracks or *canons*, are a mile or more wide; often three times as deep as they are broad. There is little timber, and that is only gnarled cedar and piñon pine. Yet, in

such a desert, live this people, and enjoy the very evil of it, because it contributes to their seclusion.

The main inhabited villages are those at San Domingo and San Felipe, near Santa Fe; at Pecos, Zuñi and the Moqui towns on the Little Colorado.

But, as I have remarked, the ruins of their old, substantial towns, abound everywhere in New Mexico, northern Arizona and southern Colorado and Utah, strewn with broken implements and utensils. Some of these equal or approach the modern structures, others far excel them, while not a few were apparently places of fortification and refuge.

Between these people and the Aztecs of Mexico, there is no affinity, but they resemble one another in certain customs and beliefs, which are the common property of all the nations of this section.

In stature the Pueblos are small—the men averaging not more than five feet in height, and the women still less. Their complexions are light, their features thin, bright and intelligent, and the young women are very prepossessing in expression and manner.

Their dress is simply the breech cloth and blanket, some adding a blouse of cotton or deer skin, a waist-belt and buckskin leggings. The women wear a long, cotton, sleeveless tunic, confined round the waist by a colored girdle, and a species of cape, bordered in different colors, fastened round the neck at the two corners and reaching down to the waist, while over the head a shawl is thrown. The feet are protected by neat moccasins of deer skin or woolen stuff, surmounted by leggins of the same material. They have a habit of padding the leggings, which makes them appear short-legged, with small feet. The men bind a handkerchief or colored band about the head. Young women dress the hair in a peculiarly neat and becoming style. Parting it at the back, they roll it round hoops, when it is fastened in two high bunches, one on each side of the head, placing, sometimes, a single feather in the center. Married women gather it into two tight knots at the side, or one at the back of the head. The men cut it in front of the ears and in a line with the eyebrows, while at the back it is plaited or gathered into a single bunch and tied with a band. On gala occasions they paint and adorn themselves in many grotesque ways; arms, legs and exposed portions of the body are covered with stripes or rings, and conical head-dresses and masks of the most absurd and ludicrous kind are worn.

That about their personal appearance which strikes us most forcibly

after seeing other Indians, is their neatness, in which they take much pride. The same regard for order, comfort and cleanliness prevails in their houses, which are furnished with much attention to these two essentials of pleasant home-life. The careful and detailed description by Lieutenant Ives of the Colorado River Exploring Expedition (Report, page 121), of a visit to the Moqui towns, is a most excellent picture of the interior of their houses, and their usages.

On the mesas and in the adjacent valleys they keep immense herds and flocks of horses, asses, cattle and sheep, particularly the latter, which constitute their principal wealth. These are allowed to range wild, or are herded by men appointed by the governor of the town. From the wool of their sheep they manufacture excellent and handsome blankets, similar to those made by the Navajos. These are woven by the men on a loom of their own invention, and worked out so elaborately that a large one will occupy from one to two months in its weaving.

They are not large farmers, because of the unfavorableness of the region; but near their villages, cultivate sufficient cotton, corn, vegetables and green fruit for their own use. They have orchards, too, particularly of peach trees. Their gardens are all irrigated by an ingenious system of canals and devices for retaining the water, which is derived from springs and from huge reservoirs dug in the rock, in which the copious drainage of the short rainy season is saved up.

They excel in making all kinds of pottery, and in finishing and ornamenting the surface. The principal method of manufacture used by them is worthy of description. The clay having been worked into the proper consistency, is drawn out into a cord or wire as thick as your little finger, which is closely coiled on a flat surface until the size of the bottom of the proposed vessel is reached. The cord is then laid on top of the edge of this flat bottom coil, and carried round spirally upward to form the sides of the vessel, expanding and narrowing to the requisite shape. After the shape is completed, the cords are pressed closely together with the fingers or with a small stick, and a series of little indentations formed, which are of themselves quite ornamental. Frequently, however, a glazing is put upon the ware, outside and in, and the objects are painted in colors, either in geometric designs, or with rude flat representations of plants and animals.

Numerous other industries take up their time, such as the making of elaborate saddles and bridles for their horses, in which much silver is used in the way of ornament.

The government, at least among the Moquis, consists of a governor chosen annually from a family in whom this eligibility is hereditary. He gathers about him a cabinet of such officers as the war-chief, the chief-doctors and so forth, who form a national council, make all the laws and sit as the judiciary. Their laws have a high regard for virtue and morality, particularly in the training of the youth, who are carefully instructed in habits of sober, industrious, virtuous living and the duties of citizenship. A sort of secret police watch the young people and at once report any improprieties which are duly punished, sometimes very severely. The laws enjoin upon all women the strictest chastity, yet much licentiousness is permitted and indulged during certain festivals. But, generally speaking, they are temperate and sober in all things.

As warriors they are not renowned, yet fight bravely when the necessity arises. All their belligerent expeditions are to recover stock stolen from them by the Apaches or Navajos, the most accomplished thieves in the world. When starting out, they equip themselves in the skins and heads of animals, grotesque masques and the most fantastic costumes their fancies can invent, adorning themselves and their horses with bright-colored streamers in order to destroy the aim of their enemies. They fight on horse-back in skirmishing order, and display the greatest activity, rapidly shooting their arrows from every position but that which a rider would naturally occupy. They are usually successful in recovering their stock, but rarely pursue the foe or follow up the victory by other attacks. Two weapons peculiar to them deserve mention; one is a sort of boomerang which they hurl with great force, and another the sling in the use of which they are so expert as to kill deer at a distance of 150 yards. All carry a rawhide shield, and most are now well supplied with firearms.

In the process of courtship and marriage they often reverse the usually accepted order of events. If a maiden sees a youth whom she fancies for a husband, she communicates her wishes to her father, who visits the parents of the young man, states his daughter's desire, and inquires what they are able to give him in return for his daughter. This matter satisfied, the young man goes and gets his future wife, when the neighbors set them up in housekeeping with feasts and rejoicing.

Quite often, however, the attractions of a maiden cause her to be wooed first by one of the young braves, who, first having gained the goodwill of her parents, serenades her day after day with his flute,

until she either comes out and takes him at his word, or else declines in a manner unmistakable.

Wives are treated with tenderness and respect. Polygamy is not allowed, and love of home and affection for one another are prominent among the good traits of this simple people.

They seem to have no striking ceremonies connected with their burial rites. The body is carried to the grave on the shoulders of men, and is laid out at full length. Elaborate expressions of grief are indulged in by the women, who are the chief mourners, and songs are chanted. Ten Broeck saw one funeral where a file of women approached and emptied jars of water into the grave; and Emory writes that in one of the pueblos, stones are dashed on to the body with great violence, the intention being to drive out evil spirits.

Their religion is a matter dear to them all; it amounts to sun worship. They believe in an all-powerful all-wise Creator, who long ago sent to the earth a special ambassador and teacher in the person of Montezuma. Montezuma remained here a long time, instructing them in the arts they now know, and founded pueblos, especially at Pecos. At that time these deserts were fruitful, and rain fell in plenty. When Montezuma died, he told them that after a certain time, during which drouth and other calamities should intervene, the fruitfulness would return to the desert, and he would come again to claim their homage. Meanwhile he enjoined upon them the care of the sacred fire and other religious duties. Hence they revere Montezuma.

The sun they regard as the visible semblance of God, through whose rays He sends His blessings. In this sense they worship the sun. Second only in importance as an agent of good to the inhabitants of the earth, is water; so they regard springs as sacred, and make annual offerings and prayers to insure their continuance. Lizards, toads and newts, because they are intimately associated with fountains, are also venerated. Just now they think the signs of Montezuma's return are multiplying, and every morning a sentinel ascends to the highest point of the village to watch the rising sun, hoping that its first radiant beams may reveal the approach of their great captain and redeemer. And who knows but some golden morning this beautiful faith may be realized to these simple believers?

I have purposely reserved until the last any account of the architecture of these nations, which is the great distinguishing feature between them and their more savage neighbors. Their towns are

usually situated on top of the table-lands, but the most ancient were in the valleys. Everywhere, past and present, the typical "pueblo" was built in a series of retreating terraces around three sides of a quadrangle, with a protecting wall across the open side. This great block of houses shelters the whole village, each family occupying a suite of rooms. But sometimes more than one of these are together in a large town, and the houses do not meet but project over the street below, and are connected by bridges, and there may be as many as six or seven terraces. In some towns the terraces are on the outside of the building, or both sides are terraced, and in front of each terrace the wall is carried up into a parapet or battlement.

As there is no inner communication, the access from the ground to the first story, and from that to the next, is by ladders, which are drawn up at night or when danger threatens. The outer walls of the ground terraces are entirely solid; hence, to enter the rooms on the ground floor, you must descend through trap-doors in the ceiling. These rooms are ordinarily used only for storage.

Houses are common property, and both men and women assist in building them, the men making the wooden frames and the women building the walls. In place of lime for mortar, they mix ashes with earth and charcoal. Thus, also, they make large blocks of sun-dried brick. But some of the towns are built of stones set in mud. This makes a serviceable wall, but we shall see that anciently these people had a knowledge of architecture and design, far superior to their present skill.

Interiorly the rooms are divided from one another by substantial partitions of wood, and the floors are of heavy beams, covered with bark and brush, over which a layer of mud is spread and packed firm. Each room is devoted to a special use, as with us, and there is every appearance of space and comfort for the occupants. On the balconies around the doors opening upon them, the villagers congregate to gossip and smoke. "They take great pride in their, to them, magnificent structures, avering that as fortresses they have ever proved impregnable. To wall out black barbarism was what the Pueblos wanted; under these conditions, time was giving them civilization."

Their traditions ascribe to the north-west the direction of their origin; and it is in that direction that we find ruins of the ancient architecture, older than are to be found elsewhere. Of these antiquities but recently (September, 1874) brought to our knowledge by a portion of the U. S. Geological Survey to which it was my good for-

tune to be attached, I shall now speak, giving a rapid account of our search for them.

A little preliminary geography is necessary, however. Just along the south-western border of Colorado the mountains sink almost abruptly into table-lands, which stretch away to the Gila and Colorado rivers. Rising in northern New-Mexico, at the end of the main range of the Rocky Mountains, which here stops short, and flowing south and west into Arizona, thence north into Utah twenty-five or thirty miles west of the Colorado line, then gradually westward into the Colorado river, is the Rio San Juan, the largest river of this district. It receives but one tributary of consequence from the south, but from the north many streams draining the southern slopes of the mountains, the principal of which are the Rio Pietra, Rio Las Animas, and its branch the Florida, Rio La Plata, Rio Mancos, and Montezuma Creek, naming them from east to west.

Leaving the main camp stationed in Baker's Park at the head of the Rio Las Animas our small subdivision started for a rapid reconnaissance of the valleys of these tributaries where we hoped to find ruins of high archæological interest.

Our marches carried us first over high ragged volcanic mountains, wild and picturesque; then down the valley of the Animas, and across a very pleasant foot-hill country westward to the Rio Mancos where it finally leaves the mountains. Following this river down we soon began to come upon mounds of earth which had accumulated over fallen houses, and about which were strewn an abundance of fragments of pottery variously painted in colors, often glazed within, and impressed in various designs without. Then the perpendicular walls that hemmed in the valley began to contract. That night we camped under some forlorn cedars, just beneath a bluff 1,000 or so feet high, which, for the upper half, was absolutely vertical. This was the edge of the table-land, or *mesa verde* which stretches over hundreds of square miles about here, and is cleft by these cracks or cañons through which the drainage of the country finds its way into the great Colorado. In wandering about after supper we thought we saw something like a house away up on the face of this bluff, and two of us clambered over the talus of loose débris across a great stratum of pure coal, and, by dint of much pushing and pulling, up to the ledge upon which it stood. We came down satisfied, and next morning Mr. Jackson carried up our photographic kit and got some superb negatives. There, 700 measured feet above the valley,

perched on a little ledge only just large, enough to hold it, was a two-story house made of finely-cut sandstone, each block about fourteen by six inches, accurately fitted and set in mortar now harder than the stone itself. The floor was the ledge upon which it rested, and the roof the overhanging rock. There were three rooms upon the ground floor, each one six by nine feet, with partition walls of faced stone. Between the stories was originally a wood floor, traces of which still remained, as did also the cedar sticks set in the wall over the windows and door; but this was over the front room only, the height of the rocky roof behind not being sufficient to allow an attic there. Each of the stories was six feet in height, and all the rooms, up stairs and down, were nicely plastered and painted what now looks a dull brick-red color, with a white band along the floor like a base-board. There was a low doorway from the ledge into the lower story, and another above, showing that the upper chamber was entered from without. The windows were square apertures, with no indication of any glazing or shutters. They commanded a view of the whole valley for many miles. Near the house several convenient little niches in the rock were built into better shape, as though they had been used as cupboards or caches; and behind it a semi-circular wall inclosing the angle of the house and cliff formed a water reservoir holding two and a-half hogsheads. The water was taken out of this from a window of the upper room. In front of the house, which was the left side to one facing the bluff, an esplanade had been built to widen the narrow ledge and probably furnish a commodious place for a kitchen. The abutments which supported it were founded upon a smooth steeply-inclined face of rock; yet so consummate was their skill in masonry that these abutments still stand, although it would seem that a pound's weight might slide them off.

Searching further in this vicinity we found remains of many houses on the same ledge, and some perfect ones above it quite inaccessible. The rocks also bore some inscriptions — unintelligible hieroglyphics for the most part — reminding one of those given by Lieut. Whipple in the third volume of the Pacific Railroad Reports. No doubt also we passed very many edifices in the cliffs, which, for want of sharp eyes or a field-glass, escaped our notice. The glare over everything, and the fact that the buildings, being formed of the rock on which they rested, were identical in color with it, increasing the difficulty made sufficiently great by their altitude.

Leaving here we soon came upon traces of houses in the bottom of the valley, in the greatest profusion, nearly all of which were entirely

destroyed, and broken pottery everywhere abounded. The majority of the buildings were square, but many round, and one sort of ruin always showed two square buildings with very deep cellars under them and a round tower between them, seemingly for watch and defense. In several cases a large part of this tower was still standing. These latter ones, judging from the analogy of the *estufas* of the present Moquis, were the remains of council-houses, which, at the present time, are built in circular form and in the strongest manner, with subterranean cellars, forming an indispensable accompaniment of every pueblo village. The best example of this consisted of two perfectly circular walls of cut stone, one within the other. The diameter of the inner circle was twenty-two feet and of the outer thirty-three feet. The walls were thick and were perforated apparently by three equi-distant doorways. Was this a temple?

We continued to meet with these groups of destroyed edifices all day, but nothing of especial interest except two or three round towers, and no perfect cliff-houses, until next morning, when a little cave high up from the ground was found, which had been utilized as a homestead by being built full of low houses communicating with one another, some of which were intact, and had been appropriated by wild animals. About these dwellings were more hieroglyphics scratched on the wall, and plenty of pottery, but no implements. Further on were similar, but rather ruder, structures on a rocky bluff, but so strongly were they put together that the tooth of time had found them hard gnawing; and, in one instance, while that portion of the cliff upon which a certain house rested had cracked off and fallen away some distance without rolling, the house itself had remained solid and upright. Traces of the trails to many of these dwellings, and the steps cut in the rock, were still visible, and were useful indications of the proximity of buildings otherwise unnoticed.

Keeping close under the mesa, on the western side, you never find houses on the eastern cliff of a cañon, where the morning sun, which they adored, could not strike them full with its first beams, one of us espied what he thought to be a house on the face of a particularly high and smooth portion of the precipice, which there jutted out into a promontory, up one side of which it seemed possible to climb to the top of the mesa above the house, whence it might be possible to crawl down to it. Fired with the hope of finding some valuable relics of household furniture in such a place, one of the gentlemen volunteered to make the attempt, and succeeded. He found it well-preserved, almost semi-circular in shape, of the finest work-

manship yet seen, all the stones being cut true, a foot wide, sixteen inches long and three inches thick, ground perfectly smooth on the inside so as to require no plastering. It was about six by twenty feet in interior dimensions and six feet high. The door and window were bounded by lintels, sills and caps of single flat stones. Yet all this was done, so far as we can learn, with no other tools than those made of stone, and in such a place that you might drop a pebble out of the window 500 feet plumb.

Photographs and sketches completed, we pushed on, rode twenty miles or more, and camped just over the Utah line, two miles beyond Aztec Springs. There were about these springs, which are at the base of the Ute mountain, almost a corner-post for the four territories, formerly many large buildings, the relics of which are very impressive. One of them is 200 feet square, with a wall twenty feet thick, and inclosed in the center a circular building 100 feet in circumference. Another, near by, was 100 feet square, with equally thick walls, and was divided north and south by a very heavy partition. This building communicated with the great stone reservoir about the springs. These heavy walls were constructed of outer strong walls of cut sandstone, regularly laid in mortar, filled in with firmly packed fragments of stone. Some portions of the wall still stand twenty or thirty feet in height, but, judging from the amount of material thrown down, the building must originally have been a very lofty one. About these large edifices were traces of smaller ones, covering half a square mile, and out in the plain another small village indicated by a collection of knolls. Scarcely anything now but white sage grows thereabouts, but there is reason to believe that in those old times it was under careful cultivation. Evidently these thick walls were the foundations of old terraced pueblos, an unusually large community having grown up about these plentiful springs.

Our next day's march was westerly, leaving the mesa bluffs on our right and gradually behind. The road was an interesting one, intellectually, but not at all so physically — dry, hot, dusty, long and wearisome. We passed a number of quite perfect houses, perched high up on rocky bluffs, and many other remains. One occupied the whole apex of a great conical boulder, that ages ago had become detached from its mother mountain and rolled out into the valley. Another worth mention was a round tower, beautifully laid up, which surmounted an immense boulder that had somehow rolled to the very verge of a lofty cliff overlooking the whole valley. This was a watchtower, and we were told that almost all the high points were occupied

by such sentinel boxes. From it a deeply worn, devious trail led up over the edge of the mesa, by following which we should, no doubt, have found a whole town. But this was only a reconnoissance, and we could not now stop to follow out all indications.

Time was short, and we must gallop on to where tradition tells us the last stand was made against the invaders, into whose rude grasp these aborigines must surrender their homes. Toward night we reached it. The bluffs at our right had sunk into low banks of solid red sandstone, white at the base; on the left frowned tall rock-buttes; and the barren hills sloped away to the south behind them. Ahead the valley closed into a cañon, and where we stood and off to the right the surface was a succession of low domes of bare sandstone, worn into gullies and chiseled into pot-holes by ancient rivers and modern rains, devoid of soil, supporting only a few stunted cedars rooted in the crannies, bleached and ghastly, and garish under the September sun. Brilliant cliffs, weirdly carved, ranged themselves behind; and right in the foreground, thrust up through the very center of one of these sandstone domes, stood a ragged christone — a volcanic dike — thin, shattered and comb-like. It was a scene of despair and desolation, enhanced rather than softened and humanized by the two great stone towers that stood near by, and the fragments of heavy walls that once defended every approach to the habitations about the christone.

The story of these ruins, which the Village Indians themselves tell you is the following, and we can only attempt to improve it by saying they may have left too much out of the account climatic changes tending to diminish the supply of water, which has gradually driven all human occupation from these valleys. Certain it is an agricultural population could not now exist there.

The story is this: Formerly the aborigines inhabited all this country we had been over, as far west as the head-waters of the San Juan; as far north as the Rio Dolores; west, some distance into Utah, and south and south-west throughout Arizona, and on down into Mexico. They had lived there from time immemorial — since the earth was a small island, which augmented as its inhabitants multiplied. They cultivated the valley, fashioned whatever utensils and tools they needed very neatly and handsomely out of clay and wood and stone, not knowing any of the useful metals, built their homes and kept their flocks and herds in the fertile river bottoms, and worshiped the sun. They were an eminently peaceful and prosperous people, living by agriculture rather than by the chase. About a thousand years ago, however, they were visited by savage strangers

from the north, whom they treated hospitably. Soon these visits became more frequent and annoying. Then their troublesome neighbors—ancestors of the present Utes—began to forage upon them, and at last to massacre them and devastate their farms; so, to save their lives at least, they built houses high upon the cliffs, where they could store food and hide away till the raiders left. But one summer the invaders did not go back to their mountains, as the people expected, but brought their families with them and settled down. So, driven from their homes and lands, starving in their little niches on the high cliffs, they could only steal away during the night, and wander across the cheerless uplands. To one who has traveled these steppes, such a flight seems terrible, and the mind hesitates to picture the suffering of the sad fugitives.

At the christone they halted and probably found friends, for the rocks and caves are full of the nests of these human wrens and swallows. Here they collected, erected stone fortifications and watch-towers, dug reservoirs in the rocks to hold a supply of water, which, in all cases is precarious in this latitude, and once more stood at bay. Their foes came, and for one long month fought and were beaten back, and returned day after day to the attack as merciless and inevitable as the tide. Meanwhile the families of the defenders were evacuating and moving south, and bravely did their protectors shield them till they were all safely a hundred miles away.

Climbing carefully to the top of the dike, mapping out the plan of the ancient fortifications, listening to the fearful concussion of a stone hurled from the top, feeling how absolutely safe a garrison would be there so long as they could hold out against hunger and thirst, it required but little faith to believe the tradition of this valley of death, whose broad slopes of white sandstone were once crimsoned and recrimsoned with human blood. The besiegers were beaten back and went away; but the narrative tells us that the hollows of the rocks were filled to the brim with the mingled blood of conquerors and conquered, and red veins of it ran down into the cañon. It was such a victory as they could not afford to gain again, and they were glad when the long fight was over to follow their wives and little ones to the south. There, in the deserts of Arizona, on well-nigh unapproachable, isolated bluffs, they built new towns, and their few descendants—the Moquis—live in them to this day, preserving more carefully and purely the history and veneration of their forefathers, than their skill or wisdom. It was from one of their old men that this traditional sketch was obtained.